# DIALOGUE

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IN

# HUDIBRASTICKS

Designed for the Use of

The UNTHINKING

AND

The UNLEARNED.

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# DIALOGUE

BY

# HUDIBRASTICKS

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BRITISH MUSEUM

# ADVERTISEMENT.

*AS I got the following little Piece by Accident, I cannot tell the Reader with any Certainty who is the Author of it: However, since he seems to write with some Humour, and appears by his Conclusion to be a hearty Well-wisher to his Country, I resolved to publish his Performance.*

*There are two Passages in it a little dark, and therefore I shall endeavour to explain them as well as I can. The first is where he mentions a certain* P**** *He must mean, to be sure, some Pettifogger or Attorney, noted for his great Business and little Honesty. The best Way to discover the Person intended, is to consider who is the greatest Rogue of the Profession, and probably that will be the Man. The next is* R---n's *pious Reign. And here I think is undoubtedly the Character of a great Minister, who flourished about seven or eight and twenty Years ago: His Reign was call'd Pious, I suppose because he was a High Churchman: And that he was not very scrupulous, appears by his Actions; for he scrupled not to turn People out of lucrative Posts, when they were but growing warm in them, having not enjoyed them above two seven Years apiece; and he scrupled not to put an end to a War that had lasted no longer than ten Years. He was afterwards charged with great Crimes, as well he might, having hin-*

*fred his Countrymen of universal Monarchy, which they ould not have miss'd of when they had conquer'd* France, *hich they were just ready to do. He had most certainly een put to Death, but that he was unluckily acquitted,* Nemine Contradicente, *by his Peers at that Time sitting in* Westminster-Hall. *I think I can scarce be mistaken in his my Conjecture, for I know not to whom I can apply what is there said before that Time; and since, every Thing has been on the mending Hand so much that we are ot pretty near Perfection, flourishing in our Trade, espected by our Neighbours, happy amongst ourselves, and o very honest, that one scarce ever hears* so much as f a Robbery, unless it be now and then of a Post-boy, ardly worth the notice; and therefore I may safely af- irm, it cannot be applicable to any body after that Time.*

* *Vide* Gazetteers.

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A KIND of a

# DIALOGUE

IN

# HUDIBRASTICKS, &c.

OFT have we reaſon'd much and long,
Not knowing who was right or wrong:
I hold that Fortune rules the Roaſt,
And favours Fools and Knaves the moſt:
You ſtill on Conduct lay the Blame,
And fancy Luck is much the ſame,
Elſe Wiſdom's Worth might well be doubted,
If we cou'd do as well without it.

'Tis true, I own, this looks like Senſe;
But what's that to Experience?

*Frank Charters* fairly ſcap'd his Due,
And ſo have others hitherto.
Say, is it Luck or Merit ſaves
The Wretch that e'ery Tongue beſlaves?
As well they may, ſince all agree,
That Loſers have this Liberty.
If crafty *P***** gets a Plumb,
And robs each Client of a Sum,
To make the Total up compleat,
Whilſt plunder'd Cullies hug the Cheat,
His Merits ſure could ne'er befool 'em,
But 'tis his Stars that overrule 'em.
When good Sir *Blackmore* firſt ſet up,
Some few Years ſince, his Epick Shop,

The

The modiſh Ware ſo quickly ſold,
One would have ſworn 'twas made of Gold:
Sure it muſt be more Luck than Sleight,
To paſs off *Pinchbeck* Ore for right.
What Sage with all his Wiſdom ever
Could play a Trick ſo very clever,
As thoſe moſt juſtly fam'd Projectors,
*Great-Britain*'s and *South-Sea* Directors?
Who, tho' convict to Demonſtration
Of having pillag'd half the Nation;
Yet (what's moſt wondrous to be told)
Eſcap'd with Life, and Limb, and Gold.

But now, methinks, I hear you ſay,
That ev'ry Dog ſhould have his Day.
I grant it true, but then I hold,
A Saying juſt as trite and old,

Thoſe Dogs, like Birds of the ſame Feather,
Should flock, that is, ſhould hang together;
But not be left to play their Tricks,
And ſpoil all thoſe, with whom they mix;
With Arts corrupt debauch the Town,
And turn the whole World upſide down;
Like Mobſters in a frofty Day,
When they a Game at Foot-Ball play,
And keep all honeſt Folks within Doors,
Whilſt they are breaking Shins and Windows.

Sir *John*, you ſay, would fain be great,
Well lodg'd, attended, ſerv'd in Plate;
Build, purchaſe, ſhew a Taſte, and do
Much more than e'er his Father knew.
And ſhall ſuch Talents be confin'd,
And ſhall we cramp this noble Mind,

Becauſe

Becauſe ſome muſty Book-worms tell us
(In the true Cant of all old Fellows)
Of Right and Wrong and God knows what,
With Morals, Virtue, and all that?
Name if you can, the when, and where,
Such Doctrines ever practis'd were.
Much wrote of, I confeſs, they've been,
And talk'd of too, but never ſeen.
Take each old Book, to *Engliſh* turn it,
And make * *Paul Jove* as plain as *Burnet*,
You'll find both Papiſt, Whig, and Tory,
Agreeing in the ſelf-ſame Story.
And tho' ſome flatter, and ſome lye,
And both perhaps have Reaſons why,
Upon the whole, one Truth appears,
That, for theſe laſt five hundred Years,

* An *Italian* Biſhop, famous for his Knack of writing Hiſtory, and much eſteemed for his Veracity and Diſintereſtedneſs.

The wiſe Men ſtill of all Opinions,
All Ages, Countries, and Dominions,
Have found it ever right to do,
Whate'er their Int'reſt led them to.

'Tis ſhrewdly urg'd, friend *Dick*, but pray
Explain one Part of what you ſay.
Who's this Sir *John?* and how came he
Akin to either you or me?
He'd fain be great at our Expence,
But where is then our Common Senſe?
Are we to lend a helping Hand,
That he may on our Shoulders ſtand?
Since Right and Wrong are old Wives Tales,
And Nothing's bad but that which fails,
Why ſhould not you and I *Sir John* it,
And try our Skill and Luck upon it?

If Int'reſt be our only Rule,
'Tis better being Knave than Fool.

I LIKE, quoth *Dick*, the Motion well,
But I am no Sir *Sidrophel*.
I wiſh I were, you'd quickly find,
I'm not to Scruples much inclin'd;
Scruples, the out-of-faſhion Taſte
Of ſimple Puppies too ſhamefac'd;
All which ſince *Ro---n*'s pious Reign,
Are wiſely baniſh'd 'croſs the Main.
But tho' I can't lead up the Ball,
Muſt I not therefore dance at all?
I'll be no Stander-by, I'll ſwear;
And tho' without much Grace or Air,
Whoever leads, in Spite of Laughter,
Moſt actively I'll fidget after.

I MUCH approve, *Dick*, your Good-will;
But what's this to my Queſtion ſtill?
To do Things truly great is hard,
But not to pocket the Reward.
'Tis *Mars* muſt charge thro' Blood and Thunder,
But *Mercury* as well can plunder.
To ſerve, improve, enrich a Nation,
Requires a *Fleury*'s Application;
But *Cha—n's* without Skill or Toil
Can run away with all the Spoil.
Each Man his proper Talent feels;
Who cannot guide, may greaze the Wheels.
Conſider we 're not talking now
Of what Men ought to do, or how:
If playing all the Game be fair,
'Tis who ſhall have the largeſt Share;



And

And you and I may ſoon agree,
Which ſhould have that, Sir *John*, or we.
For whether Luck or Art prevails,
Since Merit ne'er yet turn'd the Scales,
Why then not buſtle thro' the Crowd,
Be buſy, impudent, and loud?
Get once but o'er their Heads, they'll ſwear,
That Heav'n itſelf has plac'd you there.

As Quack, when on his Scaffold mounted,
A mighty Doctor is accounted,
And ev'ry gaping Fool that paſſes
Adds to the Number of his Aſſes,
Whilſt *Zany* ſtill bawls out the louder,
And ſells his Pimpernello Powder;
Juſt ſo, upon the World's great Stage,
Whoe'er gets up, becomes a Sage;

And ſo continues 'till ſome other,
Can joſtle out this elder Brother;
Then takes his Place, is juſt as great,
And gravely carries on the Cheat.

Old *England*'s Sons (tho' free) are found
To pay ten Shillings in the Pound;
But then their Taxes they muſt vote,
Or elſe they would not pay a Groat;
Whilſt poor *French* Senates have no Share
In Edicts, but to regiſter.
The Difference is great, you ſee;
They muſt wear wooden Shoes, but we,
When once we have excis'd our Leather,
May fairly have our Choice of either.

HOLD, hold, cry'd *Dick*, you go too far,
You make Men ſillier then they are;

And

And of the Mark are quite too wide,
In fancying 'tis but up and ride.
Think you Mankind can e'er be led
By Hands alone, without a Head?

By Hands alone? Ay ſure, ſay I;
I wiſh we could the Fancy try:
Command whate'er you will, and then
Do you find Money, I'll find Men.
What makes your Folks in Power ſo ſtout,
And right or wrong, put in and out,
Nor care who hiſſes, or who hollows?
When Money leads, they know what follows.
A Hunks (that for the Sake of Metre,
I'll dignify with Name of *Peter*)
Who was a Man ſo very willing,
He ſtuck at nought to get a Shilling,

Had once a noble Offer made him,
To have five hundred Pieces paid him:
Hear how they chink, now ſee them told,
Freſh from the Mint, Great *George*'s Gold!
All you need do to gain this Pelf,
's but to go and hang yourſelf.
Come, ſwing away, 'tis all your own,
For quick we run and cut you down.
But wary Hunks, too ſharp for this,
Strait turn'd about, and bid them kiſs—

OH! that I once might live to ſee
My Countrymen as wiſe as he;
That when, at ſeven Years end, come down
The Dealers to each Country Town,
To purchaſe Calves Heads at low Prices,
And ſell them as the Market riſes,



They'd

They'd hear their Speeches, drink their Wines,
And having made them pay their Fines,
In juſt Return of ſuch ſly Tricks,
Inſtead of Leaſes give them Kicks.

11:7:19

*FINIS.*

They'd hear their Speeches, drink their Wines,
And having made them pay their Fines,
In ſtead of Return of ſuch fly Tricks,
Inſtead of Laſes give them Kicks.

FINIS.